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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Revival of Soldene's Mouth—Personal Criticism the Outgrowth of Personal Exhibition—Barrett Ahead of the Times in Enterprise, but Behind the Times in a Repertoire—Wood of Nowness in Dramatic Themes—Lillian Russell and Her Husband—How Zelle de Lussan Came Near a Sensation.

By the calendar Monday was the opening of the season. But Wallack's Theatre showed that the calendar and the casts do not agree. Society is not in yet.

The season proper is going to be very late this year. The ladybirds have been calling for a fortnight, the crickets are all a-field, and the feathered seeds are flying in all the meadows; but—all the city runagates hug the inside and the mountain-side in hopes that September will have some of the warmth that August has denied them this year.

I saw at Wallack's on Monday night quite a number of male first-nighters who had satchels and were weighted with the responsibility of catching a late train. They looked at their watches during the waits. They were thinking of cool piazzas somewhere and the promise to be back to-morrow. So was I.

One thing in the performance at Wallack's pleased me like a well remembered song. It was Soldene's mouth.

Somewhere in the past I had seen it. It had a reminiscent breadth and the depth of "auld lang syne."

It set me thinking. If I remember aright, the great American humorists fell upon that mouth with greedy alacrity in the long ago. Wit on one side and burlesque on the other pulled it out of all reason. And the great American nation got to know Soldene's mouth, without ever knowing anything else of Soldene.

This was one of many cases in which American paragraphic humor was infernally unjust—almost brutal. I don't suppose there is a country in the world where the physical peculiarities of a woman afford so much cheap fun as in America. I remember, when Kate Field made her theatrical debut at Booth's Theatre as Peg Woffington, one of our dailies, which has always prided itself on its discreet treatment of women, spoke of her, in a column review, as "wearing her store teeth."

I don't think that Miss Field is hypersensitive, but I believe that that ungracious thrust brought the tears of vexation to her eyes.

Of course, mouths have a great deal to do with personal charm. Lotta owed much of her early popularity to her upper lip, which always looked from the front as if some bee had stung it inadvertently in searching for its honey.

I need not remind you that when Cushman opened her "ponderous and marble jaws" the house was awestruck. And Ned Booth, when he played with her, always reminded me of a lion tamer about to perform the perilous feat of thrusting his head into the lioness mouth.

I am bound to say, however, that he never lost his head with her.

That catastrophe was reserved till he played with Salvini.

But fancy anybody writing about Cushman's mouth after one of her performances!

You can't unless you are an American humorist yourself.

Personal criticism is the indirect result of personal exhibition.

There was a time when the stage put forward only actors, and they were treated as such.

Now it proffers us females and belles and queens and beauties, with a straight challenge to weigh them for personal and physical merits.

I can't say that Josephine Sold by Her Sisters incited me to much enthusiasm.

I merely walked in at the Star Theatre where Lawrence Barrett was playing. I remarked "Are you there, Trueman?" and came away.

Verick's Love is no love of mine. I grant you force and terrible passion. But it is to me all back of the moment. It has a pronounced and studied romanticism that reminds me of a fine nervous gentleman of our epoch wearing armor over a dress coat.

Mr. Barrett does everything in — verse, and you will agree with me that — verse at one time of day is carrying the Anglomaniac back of the Victorian era.

It smells a little of Sapolio and the old masters in chromo.

Life doesn't move in — verse any more.

It's a stage-coach method of expression, and action in our day calls for the lightning train of plain prose, to which happily are attached the palace cars of the best rhetoric.

Why such an indomitable, nervous, resonant, ambitious and contemporaneous actor as is our Barrett, full to the forehead of a faith in himself that has already removed mountains, should insist on travelling in the middle ages of speech when the nineteenth century of events is crowding upon him and everywhere appealing for utterance and interpretation, I cannot for the life of me understand.

You see I am a firm believer not only in the nature but in the Nowness of things.

I respect the past, but I breathe the present. The atmosphere that weighs upon me is heavy with the problems of mankind, the conflict of

that art cannot touch a theme until time has given it a perspective romance.

But they were Englishmen; they never touched a new thing without writing to the *Times* first, and then they had to have a formal introduction to it.

They probably never heard of Camille, the most successful of all modern plays built on sheer Nowness.

The fact is the stage has been kicking at that old fallacy about the past for twenty years.

But how?

By putting on present scenes, introducing real matter, contemporaneous properties and current pumps and cabs and elevated railways.

Why not try current men and women with live issues in great dramas as they have been tried in comedy?

I hope you'll pardon this outburst of Nowness. I used to go last Winter to hear the

But enough of this. I meant to have written you something about Soldene's mouth, and I've quite run away from the subject.

But first a word about Lillian Russell's mouth.

The peculiarity of hers is that she "fires it off" as regularly as a cannon gun.

Since I last wrote you she has been making statements.

Neither THE MIRROR nor its present contributor is in the habit of referring to the conjugal relations of husbands and wives, professional or private. But when an actress gives publicity to statements that make it appear that she is tied to her husband only when he is successful, there is warrant for tempering our admiration of the actress with a little contempt for the wife.

But be that as it may, I wish to warn the friends of both parties that it is not safe to place too much reliance on the published de-

Morton House. The two pockets of his suit coat were full of letters. "There," he said, "are from a husband to his wife, and there," he remarked, taking the other side, "are from a wife to her husband."

The plan of anonymity that went on between the two conjugal was quite obvious to all. Russell had all the power of a beautiful woman to annoy, and Soldene had the advantage of being handsome. There always came a time when she was subject to the latter fault, and he made her feel it.

During that fortnight the friends of both parties got to understand that Soldene and his wife hated each other as bitterly as if they had been born in the two extremes of Ireland or had come into the common bond of Christianity through the doors of opposite sects.

It was during this week that J. M. Hill was morning put his anonymous letter the shape of a request. "I wish to Heaven," he said, "there was another woman in the United States who could take Russell's place. I wouldn't put up with this thing another day."

Some one who originated this tamely said: "There it was."

"Where is she—who is she?" exclaimed Mr. Hill.

"Zelle de Lussan," was the answer. I don't think Hill had ever heard of her. We had the public heard as much of her as it will. But never before had Lillian Russell come so near to ignominious repudiation as that, and there in that proposition.

Is she as handsome as Russell?

Is she? Why, she compares with Russell as a fresh moon rose had compared with her night's inferno.

Can she sing?

Can she? Well, there is not another woman on the American stage to-day of her age who can approach her. In appearance, however, Pauline Sironi. In style of execution, that of Lagrange and Trebell made over for her. All this was a little extravagant, on death.

But I agree with it.

Zelle was with the Boston people. Some kind of overture was made by telegram immediately. They were feverishly wanted. Had Zelle been here, and had she accompanied gone on, and the little paragon here put in Russell's place, there would have been a genuine sensation in New York.

Do you know what took place suddenly?

Lillian and her husband made up.

They rushed into each other's arms, they called each other pet names and wags, and went up to the Casino on Sunday night and sat together in a box in full view of all their embittered friends, and blithely and sweetly and cheeked each other under the chin.

Then Pepita sailed smoothly along on Mr. Hill's pinions, and Soldene said it was his aim that waited it.

All this, however, is wide of Soldene's mouth—wider in fact. I had a few graceful things to say about that excellent actress. But, good gracious! I've written up all my space.

NYM CRINKLE.



MLLE. GEORGINE JANAUSCHOWSKY.

classes, the surge of opposing ideas, the destiny of a newly-enfranchised race. And it is freighted with the blithe laughter, and, alas! with the unnumbered wails of my brothers and sisters.

The past lies serene in its ashes. And it seems to me, when I look over all the men who have striven to push the stage abreast of current ideas, that Lawrence Barrett is the most worthy to take his armor off, lay aside his — verse and jump into this arena.

What we really want is more Nowness in the serious drama.

It shouldn't all be left to the topical verses of the humorists.

Can you give me any good reason why Sydney Rosenfeld should come nearer with his jig to what men are thinking about than Lawrence Barrett with his stride?

No one knows better than I that Ruskin and even Buckle have said over and over again

Niebelungen, and tried to fancy that I was in the nursery again when I was listening to the Mother Goose stories of Wagner.

I found a great many brave men and women poring over the Jack and the Giant Killer of the trilogy, writing deep and learned essays on the motives that actuated myths and proudly telling the struggling, inquiring, hoping, advancing world that heartfelt joy and supernal peace would flow to them if they would only go back to prehistoric times, dive under the Rhine and give themselves up in a trusting, reliant spirit to the cock-and-bull stories of our savage forefathers.

To me this seemed in Art very much like a similar proceeding in Religion which results in people diving into the heart of Africa for objects of sympathy when they can see them sitting on their own doorsteps, hungry and haggard, if they will only look out of their windows.

claration that this loving couple have been torn asunder on The Maid and the Moonshiner. They have been in the habit of splitting on worse rocks than this, and then making up suddenly when all their friends had taken sides bitterly.

During the run of Pepita at the Union Square one of these domestic cold waves set in.

Mr. J. M. Hill carried Pepita on the wings of his exchequer. But more than once it was a serious question with him—if it paid to carry both Russell and Solomon at the same time. Their spats were so determinately public, their threatened separations so deliberately professional, and their domesticity so wholly dependent on the press, that it grew tiresome. There was a week or two that Solomon and his wife did not speak. But they wrote vicious letters to each other and handed them to J. M. Hill. I saw him one morning in the

P. S.—Mr. Frederick Ward, who is doing the fine old Roman thing here in the fine old oratorical style, belongs to the second growth of tragedians who, when they cannot imitate Forrest, take to imitating John McMillen. Mr. Ward is really a good actor, but he is chained down to the musty repertory of the giants that I feel sorry for him.

There never was but one man could play Forrest's roles.

It was Forrest.

Mr. Fred Bryson succeeded during the week in walking away with Brooklyn. He towered so high above his play that it was painful to get from him to his theme.

If I were a woman and a humorist, I'd fall in love with Fred.

But alas! I never knew but two women who had a masculine sense of humor.

One was Mrs. John Wood.

The other was your own Giddy Gusher.

And I suppose these excellent ladies would now refuse to carry humor to that American length.

N. C.

Sarah McVicker's Plaster company is about the first to succumb. It stranded in Utica, and the members were left in a sorry plight. Eventually most of them were absorbed in the Stella Ross and Eibel Tucker companies. Joseph H. Slaytor, who arrived in the city on Tuesday, says that trunk and jewelry were left in pawn for board. Mr. Slaytor says further that the company were almost backer with \$10,000 was a subsequent disaster. He never materialized. There had been on the road a fortnight.

At the Theatres.

Lawrence Barrett's four weeks' engagement at the Star began on Monday. About one-half of the seats in the orchestra were occupied, the balcony was practically empty, and the gallery did not contain its usual quota. The night was warm, but that did not excuse the foolishness of the ill ventilated auditorium. The Star is comfortable enough in winter, but there seems to be no provision for ventilating the place in hot weather. Ill-feeling was engendered by Mr. Barrett's sweeping instructions to refuse admission to professionals. A number that presented their cards at the box office were turned away. For the benefit of other actors, who may not have heard of this proclamation, and who wish to avoid humiliating rebuffs, we will state that the order is to be maintained throughout Mr. Barrett's stay.

The play was Yorick's Love, Mr. Howell's skilful translation of a Spanish work. Mr. Barrett's performance of the leading character was painstaking and earnest, but the usual faults were noticeable. We long ago gave up expecting this actor to improve his barbarous elocution, or to substitute grace of manner for his stiff gait and angularities of gesture. On this occasion he rattled through the lines with bewildering speed, and his action, even in the most intense and impassioned passages, was as mechanical as the movements of an automaton. The small audience will be forgiven a lack of enthusiasm under the circumstances. The curtain was raised after each act, but chiefly because of the effectiveness of the play's climaxes.

Miss K. Gale presented a striking picture of fear and remorse as the erring Alice. She is making rapid strides in her art, and already deserves to rank among our leading legitimate actresses. Miriam O'Leary was charming as Dorothy. Newton Gotthold was not quite easy in the part of Heywood, but there were suggestions of dignity and power in his performance. S. E. Springer was commonplace and conventional as Walton. Charles R. Welles acted the unpleasant and ungrateful role of Edmund very intelligently.

To-night (Thursday) Richelieu is to be presented. Hamlet is set down for Friday and Julius Cæsar for Saturday night. It is stated that Mr. Barrett has abandoned the idea of reviving Rienzi during this engagement.

Edmund Collier had an auspicious opening to his career as a tragic star at the People's Theatre on Monday night. In the audience there was a large sprinkling of professionals, who had come down to the Bowery to give the new aspirant for stellar honors a good send-off, and right well did they succeed in their object. While all the seats were not occupied, the audience was, nevertheless, large. Of course, it was very friendly—at times a little too friendly—to the star, Mr. Collier—or his sponsors—selected the tragedy of Jack Cade, the Bondman, written by Robert T. Conrad, a distinguished Philadelphia and an ex-Mayor of that city, for his opening in the Metropolis. Cade is one of the gloomiest of tragedies—not a ray of sunshine in it. The play was last presented in this city by John McCullough, at Booth's Theatre, some eight years ago.

When Mr. Collier as Jack Cade entered at the door of his widowed mother's cottage, accompanied by his wife, he presented a perfect picture of physical manhood. He betrayed his slight nervousness as he bowed to the audience that burst forth again and again and lasted a full minute. There was a little nervousness in the delivery of the first few lines, and then the actor had full control of himself and never once faltered in his work. Mr. Collier is better equipped in physique and features than in voice. In outbursts of passion his voice does not retain its clearness. However, the organ is much improved since the actor's last appearance here. Mr. Collier ranted less than might have been expected. Every point was well made, and the applause was liberal and the recalls numerous. Before the close of the second act it was seen that the new star had achieved a pronounced triumph, which was emphasized later by the presentation of a laurel wreath. Of course, with repetitions the performance will become more rounded.

Taken as a whole, the support was excellent. Sarah Neville astonished the audience by her acting as Marianne, the suffering wife of Cade, and twice the star was compelled to lead her to the footlights. After the first act Miss Neville, if she did not share in all the honors, at least divided the attention of the audience in every scene with Mr. Collier. Genuinely good work drew forth applause that was not confined to over zealous friends or a clique. The lady scored a triumph second only to that of the star. Joseph P. Winter is an actor of the Old Bowery school—and not of the best of that school. His stage strut is a study, and his rendering of lack of it, an offense to the ear. He based upon one key in all his delivery. But Mr. Winter is perfectly at home on the stage, and the brutal Lord Say ever made his presence felt. As the licentious Clifford, Lawrence Hanley was handsome and graceful, and satisfactory. His reading of his best lines did not give their meaning. Notably, "When Adam delved and Eve span," etc., there was not a "hand." He did a little better work in the scene when Clifford makes insulting advances to the wife of Cade. Jerome Stansill was an excellent Lord Say, pouring out his vigor, and giving a fine Friar Lacy, dignified in his path of the Church, and delivering his

lines with force. William Wilson did well as Mowbray. Sedley Brown was a sufficiently cringing and villainous Countess. Moore, Moriarty, Hancocote, Laville, etc., added to the merit of the performance in small parts. Henrietta Crossman was bewitchingly pretty as Kateworthy. What little there was of it was a charming performance. The Widow Cade of Marion Lester was commendable.

The play was fairly well mounted. On Thursday night Mr. Collier revives Metamora. Next week, Herne's Minute Men.

Frederick Warde is playing his round of legitimate characters at the Grand Opera House this week. On Tuesday Dixon Jones, an ex-Harvard professor of elocution, acted Antony to Warde's Brutus in Julius Cæsar. Mr. Jones showed an intelligent appreciation of the lines, and presented an attractive appearance, but his performance was all finish and no force. In time he may become an actor. Next week A Rag Baby will be given at this establishment.

A Prisoner for Life attracted a fair house to the Windsor on Monday night. The play was well staged, and efficiently acted by a cast that includes several good actors. James Jackson's Pierre, C. L. Farwell's General and C. B. Oliver's Francois were especially commendable. Frances Field gave an excellent performance of Mignonne, comparing favorably with that of the lady who created this role at the Union Square some time ago. The other characters were in good hands. Next week, The White Slave.

Around the World is having another career of prosperity at Niblo's. The houses are large and the spectacular features, especially the Mikado ballet, enjoyable.—This is the last week of Prof. Bristol's capital horse show at the Third Avenue Theatre. Next week the Hedley and Harrison company are to open the dramatic season in Youth.—Daddy Nolan is drawing well at Tony Pastor's, where it was revived on Monday evening.—Investigation has duplicated its former success and the Park is filled nightly.—Held by the Enemy is a pronounced hit at the Madison Square. Arrangements will be made to continue the run at another theatre when the stock season begins and its withdrawal from the present habitat becomes necessary.—Soldiers and Sweethearts at the Bijou is a pleasant entertainment that continues to meet with a goodly share of public favor.

The Musical Mirror.

No change has taken place in Erminie, which still continues to draw gloriously at the Casino, despite the hot wave. A sustained success is Erminie, and very deservedly so—a good book, pretty music, excellent singing, and good acting; Frank Wilson and W. S. Daboll at the head, as usual, and Jesse Williams at the helm. The roof-garden concerts under Rudolph Aronson are among the most enjoyable things in such weather, particularly when the music is so well given.

The Maid and the Moonshiner having dried up from inanition, the company has disbanded. Lillian Russell goes to San Francisco and Solomon takes a trip over the dark blue waters to make arrangements for producing a new opera in London. There will be no tin soldiers in the next, nor leaders jokers either. Should Solomon make satisfactory arrangements on the other side, Lillian Russell will join him. Should he fail to do so, he will join her here. Meantime she will be nicely placed with James Duff's Opera company. Max Vogrich, the celebrated pianist and composer, will conduct the opera on the tour, and Alice Rees (Mrs. Vogrich), who is an actress and vocalist of the first rank, will be prima donna assoluta. Vogrich will produce the new opera, The New King Arthur, with Edgar Fawcett's book, early next year, to be followed by another original comic opera, called Nadinka; or, The Duke's Dilemma, with book by Fred. Lyster. Vogrich is a fine composer, writing a merry vein of melody to a sound contrapuntal harmony. Fawcett's book is excellent. Of Nadinka we will speak later on.

The somewhat clumsily named comic opera, Josephine Sold by Her Sisters, was produced before a crowded house at Wallack's Theatre on Monday night. There was an evident wish to be pleased on the part of the audience, and as evident a reliance that what McCaull promised he would perform. McCaull promised to give a new, original operetta, and to give it in good style, with first rate artists and thoroughly good accessories. This promise he has strictly performed to the letter. The operetta is new—that is, it has never been heard before in this town as a whole, although the music is not absolutely foreign to our ears. We fancy we have heard many of its phrases under other names. It is original—that is, it is not taken bodily from somebody else's work. The artists are the best to be got for love or money and the accessories are all perfect—therefore Colonel McCaull has kept his contract, as he always does. But Colonel McCaull did not promise to give us a successful opera; that was not in his bond, and, judging from Monday night's opportunity, we have grave fears lest Josephine should be another Crowing Hen and not lay golden eggs.

The plot, which seems to be adapted from Le Roi de Grenade, a vaudeville in four acts, very popular in Paris three years ago, is silly, the translation poor, and the music, although sufficiently jingling to catch the ear, yet lacks any marked point by which the ear may be held.

Music and book are just on the ordinary level of those "pot-boilers" that are thrown on the stage in the big European capitals to amuse strangers, but which, when transferred to our more earnest people's notice, are apt to get ragged at the edges. In Paris, Vienna, and over in London, people go to see, not to hear. We go to do both, and insist on having the value of our money.

Mathilde Cottrelly is perfectly charming in her ingenious and childish performance of Benjamin. We have never seen such an excellent bit of ingenue acting. Certainly there is no one of the female persuasion on our stage who could play the part as this very clever woman plays it. She is a host in herself, and can save even in poor parts. Louise Parker, who was the Josephine, was terribly nervous, but her youth and sweetness of voice and manner secured her the sympathy of the audience, and she is a favorite already. Emily Soldene is too well known to every opera goer to need report. She is the same good singer, good actress and solid artist that she ever was, bating a little wear and tear. Eugene Oudin is blest with a fine voice and a good deal of comfortable self-assurance, which must make him very happy. Herndon Morrell as Potiphar Bey was delightful. He is a really good artist, both vocally and dramatically. De Wolf Hopper as Alfred Pasha was as big, as bonny and as funny as he always is. What more can be desired? The band is excellent, so is the chorus, and the small parts are well played by a "garden of girls."

Encouraged by the success of her last season, Emma Abbott has been at great pains in the reorganization of her company to secure the most complete and effective ensemble possible. The company opens in Montreal, and during the tour, which will last forty weeks, will play a l over the country, going as far as California. The services of Mile. Alida Varena, who sang in the Italian and German opera houses recently have been secured, as also those of Walter Allen, the buffo artist. Besides the former artists Lizzie Anandale, Mae Vallette, Ferd. Nicholson, Montegriffo, Pruette and William Broderick. The repertoire will embrace Carnival of Venice, Lucrèce Borgia, Crown Diamonds, Carmen and a revival of Paul and Virginia.

Professional Doings.



—Two years ago Maribel Greenwood, a young lady of Auckland, New Zealand, made her debut with Louise Pomeroy. Miss Greenwood was only thirteen years old at the time, but she showed remarkable promise. More recently she appeared in concerts with equal success. It is likely that Miss Greenwood, whose portrait heads this paragraph, will come to the United States shortly to follow the stage.

—Jessie Dean is a recent addition to Lizzie Evans' company.

—Walter Owen has been engaged for leads with Louise Arnot.

—John D. Gilbert, general comedian, is at liberty for the season.

—W. C. Hilsdorf has been added to the Prince Karl company.

—C. O. Rogers has gone southward in advance of Lillian Lewis.

—Racht Renard has been engaged for the Helene Adell company.

—Richard Mansfield opens at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, next week.

—William Harcourt has been engaged to play the heavy lead in Blackmail.

—The Corinne Merrimakers open their season at New Haven on Sept. 20.

—John Hooley, in advance of A Rag Baby, is in town for a couple of weeks.

—E. H. See has signed with Newton Beers to play Blinker in Lost in London.

—Carl H. Anderson has been engaged for the Kiralfy's Rat Catcher company.

—Nina Lansing is still disengaged. Her line is juveniles, heavier or character.

—Fanny Cohen has been engaged for the soubrette part in One of the Bravest.

—Augusta S. Van Doren, who has an excellent reputation as leading lady, is at liberty.

—George Backus, late of Bidwell's New Orleans stock company, is in the city and disengaged.

—The members of Charles Pope's company are called to meet at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, on Friday, Sept. 10, at 11 A. M.

—John Graham, conductor at the Globe Theatre, Boston, is the author of the music introduced in Talked About, Vida Allen's new play.

—Grace Raven, a protege of Nellie McHenry, will shortly make her debut as a juvenile with James O'Neill's Monte Cristo company.

—William J. Scanlon opened his season at Meriden, Conn., on Tuesday night. Augustus Pison left on Monday night to join the company.

—D. B. Hughes has just completed the scenery for Herne's Minute Men, which opens at Miner's People's Theatre next Monday night.

—Nanine Palmer, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is fully recovered and gone to Detroit to visit relatives. She is still disengaged.

—Warren Ashley and Marie Heath have joined Fisher and Hansen's Cold Day company in Montreal. Mr. Ashley says business was very large in Montreal.

—Matt Leland and John H. Springer will manage One of the Bravest. Benefits to fire companies will be extensively worked on tour. D. B. Hodges goes in advance.

—Cummings and Orndorff and the Stanley Sisters arrived from San Francisco on Tuesday and were immediately secured by Manager Donaldson, of the London Theatre.

—Edwin Thorne has purchased from Robert Griffin Morris a new comedy drama by the latter entitled Man and Money. The play deals with the relations of capital and labor.

—John G. Wilson, joint author of Nordeck, will co-operate with B. B. Valentine in the new comedy for Richard Mansfield, who will create a London club swell of the Fitznoodle type.

—Etta Salisbury is at liberty for leads or as singing soubrette. Lettie Allen leads or comedienne, is also at liberty. Frank M. Link, of 191 Clark street, Chicago, is their agent.

—Charles L. Andrews, of Michael Strogoff fame, has taken a half interest in Smith's Bell-Ringers. He retains the management of Strogoff, while F. D. Hildreth has charge of the Bell-Ringers.

—Frederic Sackett, who is to play leading business with Joseph Murphy, is an artist of no mean ability. He has occupied his vacation with painting a landscape in oil, which is highly commended by good judges.

—Joseph Murphy's support will include Fred Sackett, John S. Murphy, Belle Melville, Ella Baker, Alia Perry, H. D. Byers, Maurice Hepburn and C. H. White. W. G. Davis will be business manager and J. J. Showles advance.

—The members of the Kimball Opera company are requested to report at 225 Washington street, Boston, on Sept. 6. The Kimball Opera company is the rechristened Corinne Merrimakers. Corinne will remain at its head.

—Genevieve Rogers has telegraphed T. H. Winnett cancelling her engagement as leading lady with the Passion's Slave company. Mr. Winnett was put to much trouble through Miss Rogers' action. She gave no reason therefor.

—The following company has been engaged to support Ida Lewis: Clara Goldsby, Marie Petravsky, Mrs. J. R. Healey, Lizzie Zellmer, W. H. Southard, Ed. S. Halstead, F. A. Lyon, Ralph De Mesa, W. Peckham and Charles Douglas.

—It is rumored that Messrs. Miles and Barton have purchased the rights for New York of Turand Up, by Mark Melford, with the intention of producing it at the Bijou Opera House, with Nat C. Goodwin in the principal role.

—The report that Francis Wilson is to star next season is unfounded. At the close of his present contract with the Casino, next May, Mr. Wilson takes a long vacation, after which it is quite likely he will resume his present relations with the Casino.

—E. E. Zimmerman, manager of James O'Neill's Monte Cristo company, left Tuesday morning to attend the opening of the season at the New Haven Opera House, Sept. 6. Charles N. Richards has been engaged as acting manager and treasurer.

—William Morris has been engaged as leading man for Minnie Madder. Mr. Morris has a strong resemblance to Robert Mantell. Miss Madder says she is engaging a strong company, but wants it to be composed of handsome young men and women.

—Marie Prescott says that her leading man, R. D. McLean, has great talent and will be an invaluable acquisition to her company. His physical beauty gives him rare fitness for such roles as Pygmalion, Ingomar, etc., and she looks forward to his being a great attraction in her support.

—On Thursday afternoon last the American Photo-Gravure Company took several pictures each of the seven tableaux of Zitta with the aid of fifty Brush arc electric lights. When these had been completed Manager Davis surprised the behind-the-curtain employes by having them grouped upon the stage and photographed.

—The following is the complete company to present Our Boarding House, which opens in New England on Sept. 6: Charles Stedman, W. I. Clark, W. S. St. Clair, George B. Bates, W. E. Davis, Charles Hogle, Etta Lyon, Kate Montrose, Ella Gardiner and Virginia Harned. A. J. Faust is the business manager and H. C. Woodman goes ahead.

—Alfred Joel arrived by the Alaska last week. He had been four months abroad. "Samuel Colville was the last man to wish me good-bye when I left for Europe," said Mr. Joel, "and his death was the first news I received on my return. As we shook hands he said, 'We're getting old now, my boy, and we'll have to be taking care of ourselves.'"

—Madame Janaschek's season begins Sept. 20. Among her new productions will be Meg Merrilies, George D. Chaplin, James Carden, Alexander H. Stewart, Giles Shine, William Heibert, Stephen Jenness, George Connor, Marsden Leigh, Kate Fletcher, Lavinia Shannon and Minnie Dorton are among the principal members of her company. Philip Simmons and Alfred Joel will have charge of the business affairs.

—The members of Dan Sully's Corner Grocery company were treated to a pleasant surprise when they reached Newport, R. I., the star's home, a fortnight ago. They played but two nights during the week, and for six days were Mr. Sully's guests. Although Rhode Island is a Prohibition State—well! Yachis and bathing privileges were at their service, and the inspiring clambake was not forgotten, nor the ball-grounds. The sixteen members of the company desire to return thanks to Mr. Sully, through THE MIRROR, for his hospitality.

—Subscribers of Harold Folger's season in Robert Mantell are progressing. Folger is in the full list: Harold Folger, F. S. Southard, F. W. Warner, Frank Adams, St. Aubyn, Frank Adams, C. P. Southard, Andrus Field, Louis Bonville, Marie Connor, May Henning and Laura Hamilton. On the star and his manager, W. A. Tanager, will each be accompanied by a valet during the heavy of the period of the play.

—Kit Clarke called for New York last week from Bremen. If he can make satisfactory arrangements for Marguerite Fink's appearance in this country she will come over at once. Otherwise she will remain in Europe another year, coming here a year hence. Mr. Clarke says that "she is young, pretty, versatile and exceedingly winning. She will act in the English, German and French languages, as comedienne may require, and I believe is the only American-born actress who has mastered these languages. She speaks them as well as French dramatic English. She has been the marked success of Vienna and Berlin during the past two years, and is at present playing at the Kaiser's First Theatre in critical Vienna, and when this engagement closes she will have appeared eleven months in Vienna within two years. No other actress of any country has ever done this, for those people seem to have been born with a critical beam in their eyes."

—The Casino, Broadway and 39th street. Rudolph Aronson, Manager. 50 CENTS. ADMISSION. 25 CENTS. Reserved seats, 50c. and 75c. extra. Boxes, \$1.00. Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

The successful comic opera, ERMINIE.

Presented under the direction of Mr. HARRY PAULTON. Music, Ed. Jakobowski. L. Bretto, Harry Paulson. Musical director, Jessie Williams. New and beautiful costumes, scenery and appointments.

Roof Garden Promenade Concert after the Opera.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 39th St. Messrs. Miles & Barton, Lessees and Managers.

New and original musical comedy entitled

SOLDIERS

AND

SWEETHEARTS.

Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.

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Thoroughly RENOVATED and REDECORATED. A NEW THEATRE.

Will open for the season MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 6, with the production of an original comedy, in four acts, by David and Milton Higgins, entitled OUR RICH COUSIN.

Illustrated by a most efficient cast, including GEORGIA CAYVAN, LOUISE MULLEN, FANNY ADDISON, MRS. SOL SMITH, A. S. LIPMAN, T. J. HERNDON, W. RICHARDSON, MILTON HIGGINS, W. J. PETERSON.

Evenings at 8; Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2. POPULAR PRICES.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE, 3d Avenue and 3rd Street.

J. M. HILL, Manager.

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A novel and remarkable exhibition of HORSE EDUCATION.

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Next week—YOUTH.

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FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Manager.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

The Union Square success,

A PRISONER FOR LIFE.

A Great Cast. Splendid Scenery. Popular prices, 75c., 50c., 25c., 10c.

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An American Drama, by William Gillette, entitled

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Houses packed from floor to ceiling to witness the brilliant production of

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Unsurpassable sensation created by the new song, "The Union Square." Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

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TWO PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY.

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Reserved seats (orchestra circle and balcony), 50c. Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

First appearance at this theatre of MR. FREDERICK WARRE.

Thursday, Damon and Pythias; Friday, Virginia; Saturday matinee, Lady of Lyons; Saturday night, Richard III. Next week—RAG BABY.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 39th St.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, LAWRENCE WALLACK.

Cooling Machine. Severe Comfort.

JOSEPHINE SOLD BY HER SISTERS.

Artistically presented by the

McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.

Orchestra, \$1.50; Balcony, \$1.00; Admission, 50c. Free by Circle, etc.

MATINEE SATURDAY, AT 2.

STAR THEATRE, BARETT.

Opening Season, Monday, August 3.

MR. LAWRENCE BARETT.

This week's repertoire: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinee, YORICK'S LOVE.

Thursday, RICHELIEU. Friday, HAMLET.

Saturday night, JULIUS CÆSAR.

During this engagement Mr. Barrett will produce a revival of RIENZI, the Last of the Tribunes.

A YOUNG MAN having a year's tuition in elocution and acting desires to go on the stage as a utility. Address

A. GRAY, Whitehouse, L. I.

The Giddy Gusher.



The newspapers of this country should get the names of those two creatures who caused the death of a man near Boston yesterday. They should give 'em a black border and keep 'em out up like obituary headings for the remainder of the year.

Just think of the dear, sweet, refined things! A human being drowning before their eyes; they, too, in a boat with two gentlemen able easily to save the dying wretch, but because he happened to be without his clothes they would not allow their escort to row near the dreadful naked man, and so a human life was sacrificed to barbarous prudery.

Why the men in their company didn't drop over the side of the boat and go save that man I can't imagine. Couldn't the fastidious, modest beasts have tied their handkerchiefs over their eyes to prevent them being blasted by the horrid sight of a bare man?

I wonder what those Boston brutes think of God? They must have a poor opinion of a Deity who sends mankind into the world without any trousers. Of course they don't read their bibles. Those shocking accounts of matters and things before the tallors got into business would be too much for their weak nerves.

I'd stake my back hair that those two old trumps or young blowers—whichever they are—have passed through scenes that would paralyze a photographer. You take women who are as bad as bad can be, and if they are keeping their vice under cover, the airs they put on while the pot-lid is down far surpass any frills an honestly decent woman ever indulges in.

I remember a very particular young lady at a female seminary who went on at a great rate at the scandalous sight that was presented her by young men bathing naked behind her maiden bower. All the teachers went greatly shocked to the girl's room, and there, half a mile away, was a bend in the river, and several figures that resembled the kitchen tongs prancing about on the bank.

Miss Prim blushed and nearly fainted as she pointed out the dreadful spectacle.

"But," said the preceptress, "how do you know they are not fishing?"

"They are naked!" triumphantly shouted the girl, as she pulled out a telescope. "Just look. I've been watching 'em all the morning."

"It's truly shocking," answered the principal, after a long look. "Sure enough they haven't a stitch on 'em, and they are not boys either, but grown men."

"Dear! dear!" groaned one after another of the party as the telescope went round and was greedily used and "reluctantly surrendered."

"Something must be done. I'll send word to Squire Beaton to put a stop to this outrage if it costs me a hundred dollars," said the old schoolmarm.

Just then spoke up the small Gusher, aged eight.

"It'll be a good deal cheaper to smash the spy-glass, won't it?" cried that *enfant terrible*, and I remember the way I was marched out by the ear and told to "wait till I was spoken to, little middleme."

Nevertheless I never saw the far-off spider again dancing on the beach, but, child that I was, I laughed at the affectation of modesty that affected that seminary, and thought how delicate a delicacy must be that used a spy glass to see if it was shocked.

Boston is a darling for producing the sort of women that let that man drown in Wenham Lake this week—nasty nice creatures, who have such flat chests they can't wear underclothes; who would faint rather than take a drowning man into their boat, who was dying without his trousers. But they will sneak into town and wait in the Adams House reception-room for some stage Adonis like Jack Odd-fellow, and make in his company a call of twenty-four hours' duration on some mutual friend.

Jack used to be a deuced volume of galantry, but at present he looks more like a quote edition of Ovid's "Art of Love." In some of his back numbers one could find a record of these Wenham girls, I'll be bound—the Boston girl who would prevent a man in the chaste society from saving a drowning man because he was naked is certainly one of

the women who have figured in the unpublished *Contes drolatiques* of my friend Jack or some other Boston ideal.

Well, nature is going to shake things up pretty soon. The little tremble she indulged in on Tuesday night is only a preliminary. When she humps herself and gives the United States the tumble she has dealt to far-away places we shall see fun. I know of four divorce suits that came of a hotel fire alarm in May. You take a general scare in New York about one o'clock in the morning, or a good-sized panic in Boston at any hour in the day or night, and there will be developments.

I boarded in a certain hotel in Troy for over a year, and I never will forget one night when a porter burst like a hurricane through the halls shouting: "Wake up! fire in number seventeen!"

It was a rare scare. The pious landlord turned off the gas at twelve, and by the flicker of small wax candles we were able to find doors and get downstairs. A slim young minister and his sister boarded in this institution, and their constant theme was the wickedness of the stage and the immodesty of its members. Miss Carrie Gospel had been terribly outraged by a well-known star who had been ill at the hotel and had worn during very hot days a dressing gown and slippers, dispensing with the formalities of coat and trousers underneath—when limping down his room—the door open for a breath of air. Miss G. had discovered that the space between his shoe top and gown bottom was not filled in with pantaloons. These four or five inches of drawers leg excited her so she raved about the hotel on the indecency of actors. And old Parsimony who kept the place sided with her, and said he believed he should refuse to accommodate the profession, as their loose habits shocked his high-toned lady boarders. The drawer-leg scandal was in its finest blaze when number seventeen got afire as a counter conflagration.

We were all hopping around in great dismay when the invalid landlady—old Parsimony's wife—let shriek after shriek out of her in the corridor near my room. Thinks I it's murder as well as fire as I rushed to her rescue. "He's in there! He's in there!" she yelled. "Who? What? Where?" we all shouted in different keys.

Mrs. P. had a death-grip on the Gospel's bed-room door. A ruffled night-gown collar encircled her throat like an Elizabethan era ruff; a cap of the true Caudle build surmounted her head; two No. 7 bare-feet spat up and down at the bottom of some very attenuated legs, which were considerably exposed by her abbreviated costume.

The voice of Miss Gospel was heard inside. "Take that dreadful woman away," it said. "She's making an exhibition of herself."

"Theophilus Parsimony, come out of that room instead of being on business in Albany. I've tired you here."

And sure enough, amid the smokes and excitement, with all his high-toned boarders in the passage to cheer him in his fight, the wretched man had to come forth at two in the morning from the precious purlieus of the minister's sister's apartment.

"I take you all for witnesses," cried the enraged wife; "I begin a divorce suit and take the law on you, you false, bad man. And as for you, you hussy," she yelled back at Gospel's door, "you'd better be turning up your nose at actors' drawer-legs. You're easy shocked, you are."

Oh, that was a wild night in Troy. We never saw Julia Gospel again. She was spirited away by the slim Jim, her brother. But you're safe to bet on a revelation if there's any revolution in the affairs of one of these nasty-nice women who are so frightened at the absence of trousers on men's legs.

There used to be frequently seen in all important places a few years ago a well looking man connected with the press, who had in a more or less literary way become quite well known.

He has dropped completely out of sight lately, and I was thinking he might have left the country, when of a sudden I came upon him in a street car. In olden times his behavior indicated good taste and ordinary intelligence; but of all the performances I ever beheld that pointed to a case of softening of the brain, this seemed the clearest.

The man in question has gone off in looks nearly as far as in intellect. Flabby and greasy in appearance, he sat beside a poor, miserable little apology for a woman—a shabby, sickly creature—and the pair of them acted as if under the influence of some drug.

They got to playing together. The interesting pair are both next-door to fifty. She reached up to his breast-coat pocket, slyly pulled out his handkerchief, playfully touched up a very queer pug nose with it, tucked it in her handbag and looked the other way.

He reached round behind her, snatched it out of the bag and bugged himself with a childish chuckle. This episode greatly tickled the other passengers.

Then Bubby played mad, and old Sissey petted him. Then Sissey gave him up in disgust, and old Bubby sided and whispered and

cuddled her to the great delight of the on-lookers.

But one observer who had known the man in brighter and better days felt really sick to witness the spectacle of decay—decay of body and mind.

I want it generally understood that the greatest kindness a friend can do me is to poison me on the appearance of this dry-rot that is taking hold of so many.

How much nicer it is to die comfortably and be put away before one's faculties desert and one's looks depart, leaving only the shadow of a substance to go drooling and drivelling about in public, a laughing stock to some and an object of pity to your.

GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, August 19.

What with farewell-supperings, new play rehearsing and just a tiny wee bit of scandal now and again to lighten our darkness, we contrive to rub along pretty well without theatrical novelties, or what generally do duty for such. This week, however, a new five-act play has been tried upon the men of merrie Islington with (on the whole) satisfactory results. Life and Death, the piece in question, was played at the Grand on Monday night by Frank Harvey and the celebrated Bearrice company, who are really a very respectable combination. Harvey is a robust juvenile actor who, though perhaps no longer in his first youth, is still rather a fine figure of a man with a literary turn which he utilizes in the occasional nailing-up of pieces for his company. Thus Life and Death has been "expressly" adapted by him—from what source is not stated, probably because it is sufficiently obvious on the face of it that the source is French, and French only, as I will presently show.

On taking up the play, the first thing that catches your eye is a "Note" in big black type setting forth that in France a child born out of wedlock can be made legitimate by marriage "of one or both of its parents"—"the new parent has simply to acknowledge the child, and it becomes his own by law and is entitled to all the advantages of a legitimate offspring."

Even if it had no other merit, this announcement would tend to show that they manage some things better in France than elsewhere, though people of an inquiring turn may be set on to speculate as to the precise amount of legitimacy which would accrue to the child if, in a case where "both of its parents" married, they didn't happen to marry each other. A more definite advantage growing out of this "Note" is that hereby the players' kind friends in front are enabled to get some glimmering notion as to what the play is about. Otherwise the average English audience would inevitably be lost in wonder from start to finish, and small blame to them.

It seems that five or six years before this play began, Count Paul de Valmont was violently mugged on Dolores (surname unknown), a Spanish adventuress. Also that he married her, and that a little boy in black velvet with a red sash resulted from the union. It is further borne in upon us that even before these events happened matrimony and Dolores were no strangers. As a matter of fact she had married Diego, a ruffian of the deepest dye, and as Diego happens to be still alive it is easy to see that there will be trouble presently. The Count and his mother find out all about Diego, and then there is trouble sure enough. The old Countess calmly explains to Dolores that it will be necessary for her (D.) to dry up altogether in order that Paul may marry a lady "who will give a name to his child." Not unnaturally Dolores objects to being wiped out thus summarily and much agony is piled around. Meanwhile the noble family of De Courcelle has been living up some court round the corner, in the direst poverty and a two-pair back. The family consists of M. le Duc, who has been gay in his time; Madame la Duchesse, who is very ill; and Mademoiselle Madeline de Courcelle, their daughter, who is in a galloping consumption. Family pride is their strong suit, and they play it all the time. So, when their little doctor (who also attends the De Valmonts) negotiates a marriage between Paul and Madeline, on the basis that Madeline is sure to die in three months and that in return for giving a noble name to a nameless child countless spondulicks will be forthcoming. The poor old nobleman's high-toned principles stand him in good stead, and he indignantly repudiates the dishonor offered him. Dolores has already agreed, and so has Paul—in a shamefaced sort of a way certainly, but still he has agreed. The old Duke, however, is obstinate until it suddenly turns out that Madeline has secretly been in love with that robust juvenile, Paul, all the time—and then the Duke consents, and the whole business is arranged inside of two minutes. Indeed it is about time that the "drop" tell, for we have only as yet got to the end of the first act.

Owing to some muddle the conditions of the marriage are not explained to Madeline, and when she discovers them on her own account more agony is piled up. She had imagined herself loved, and her grief is terrible. However, she completes the contract, and Paul, who has evidently a sneaking regard for his new wife, presently has a violent dust-up with the old one. Dolores promises that she will make no further attempt to "molest" as Miss Violet Cameron might say—her husband until his wife is dead. The way in which Paul poses all the time as the "slave of duty" is quite distressing, though not more so than the way in which the gallery applaud him for his posing. By and by Paul takes Madeline to Italy "for the benefit of her health." Dolores sends over a low comedy murderer to put poison in Madeline's medicine. Madeline is getting better, except when she takes her physic, and then she gets worse—an experience not uncommon even when there is no secret low-comedy murderer at hand, and all the more natural therefore in this case. When Madeline discovers what is up, she, with the natural perversity of woman, suspects Paul, whereas he, good, easy slave of duty, now worships her and would move heaven and earth to save her life. She (all unconscious) declines to be saved, and puts the finishing touch on the poisoning racket by commanding Paul himself to hand her the fatal chalice—it isn't a chalice at all, of course, but chalice sounds better than medicine-glass, anyway. She drinks, and drops in fearful agony. The curtains then drops also.

When it is raised again a pleasant surprise is in store. Madeline is not dead. She has been poisoned by arsenic, but arsenic in grown person's doses is good for consumption, and Madeline is going to live and have a high time. Enter now Dolores, disguised as a widow. (Diego is dead.) Also the old Duke. His ci-devant gayness having come back to him, he has been carrying on a nice little game with Mrs. Dolores. He states that he has been "sustained" by her during the journey. Dolores imagines Madeline is dead. She has come to claim her husband and child. The two women violently elang each other for possession of the little boy in black velvet. Paul acts as referee, and presently bids Dolores depart. She departs, but having a good deal of the Old Guard about her, arranges with her low-comedy murderer to try what cold steel will do for Madeline, arsenic being such a rank fraud. It is now getting late, and the assassin, evidently seeing no other way of finishing up, tries Dolores' own steel upon herself. She shrieks and dies, and consequently all ends happily.

Though the tone of this piece is not only old, but created, there is yet considerable originality in the treatment of the leading incident—legitimizing by adoption. As is often enough the case with originality nowadays, when it does come it is usually stigmatized as "revolting." Certain Aristarchi have unfilled diadems of Life and Death on this ground, but, sooth to say, this is not what's the matter. The play is both strong and interesting. The fault was in our sympathies being diverted to the wrong person. Dolores may have been an adventuress, but there is nothing to show she was not a good wife to Paul, and she was evidently very fond of the little boy in black velvet. The "revolting" part of the business consists in the mother being robbed of her son and the audience being tacitly asked to applaud the robbery. She should have been painted in strong colors as a most atrocious creature. As it is (barring the low-comedy murderer's mission, which is never brought home to her), her crime consists in loving husband and child too well. Paul, the slave of duty, is but a poor creature, and behaves as such.

The piece was, on the whole, well played. The leading ladies, Miss L. Baldwin and Miss Eyre Robson, as Madeline and Dolores, respectively, scored. So did Mr. Carter-Edwards as the old Duke. I have alluded above to farewell-supperings. Of course the chief affair which I had in mind in this connection was the grand spread given to Wilson Barrett in the East Room of the Criterion last Thursday midnight. As this occurred a week ago, and as details have doubtless already been cabled to your side, my remarks on this will be brief. First you must know that Edmund Yates (Yid Yates as some playfully call him) was unable to preside by reason of illness. The chair was, therefore, filled by Charles Warner, actor and honorable secretary of the arrangements. Yates was much missed, for if there is one thing more than another in which he shines it is post-prandial oratory. Warner is a good actor (sometimes), but a good speaker never. He flounders about, so to speak, and moreover, he is given to gush. On this occasion he "deared" dear Wilson Barrett to such an extent that Barrett blushed audibly and many present thought that Warner, like the good Queen in the tragedy of The Mousetrap, protested too much.

Barrett, in due course, made a speech that for modesty and brevity was a best on record. Among other things he hoped he should not come back with a Big Head, as Americans call it, but return the same Wilson Barrett as of old. Amen to that, say I, for many who have fluttered awhile on your side do put on considerable frills for a time when they deign to revisit our shores. I know one young man who—but so matter! As to Barrett, whenever he returns he will be welcome.

Of course, like other affairs of the sort, the Barrett banquet did not please everybody. One big and burly ex-acting-manager was heard next day to grieve somewhat because in consequence of his having to dine somewhere else first, he only had a little ice-cream and a glass of wine for his guinea. Others there were who severely denounced Diney (behind his back) for having during the small hours given off his imitation of Irving—just as

though Diney was the only one who could get a little bold advertisement out of the show.

By the way, the halfpenny Echo falls foul of Diney. It says "he is credited with being tired of youth and beauty in his choruses, and that in a forthcoming performance he means to have his choruses sung by eight of the eldest and ugliest women in London." "If Mr. Diney," adds the Echo, "has to depend for success on such vulgar expedients as this he had better go back again to the Land of Shams and Stripes." Now, except that the choruses objected to (and fairly objected to as I think) will be in the Gaiety's new comic opera, Dorothy, with which Diney will have nothing whatever to do, the Echo is fairly accurate.

American editors and dramatic critics beware! Mrs. Langtry is taking lessons in boxing, also in fencing, from our Professor "Red" Mullins of the P. R. It will therefore perhaps be safest to speak no word of the Lily but what is nice and buttery, and when I say buttery, mind, I don't mean chomurgary.

When Mrs. Langtry leaves Liverpool for your city, per *Albatros*, on September 21, so as to open at the Fifth Avenue with The Lady of Lyons on October 4, she will again take along an "Old Colonial," by name G. K. Knapp. I dare say you know him. If not, you need not will. He will make you know him. He will tell you, among other things, that he is the nephew of an Irish Judge. But be wary of him. Ere he embarks he will produce at a vanderbilt "Confusion" Durick's new farcical comedy, Caribou.

Dion Boucicault is, strange to say, doing good business with his strange "real comedy," The Jilt. He goes on at the Palace until September 17. H. R. H. went to see the piece the other night and personally introduced Dion after the show. Whether Our Only Wife Apparent pointed out the defects in The Jilt's sporting arrangements is not stated. Perhaps Our O. H. A. generously spared him. Anyhow D. B. has been willing to the point of going that he is right, and Washington is right and "everything is quite correct." I am, however, still unconvinced.

Directly The Jilt is removed from the Theatre, Manager's new comic opera, The Whorehouse, will be put on. In this instance Florence St. John will play the lead. Miss Marie Tempest (who played The Lady of Lyons at the Comedy when that lady was engaged in another production—the long story, to wit will play an important part. But we may look for trouble between Florence and Marie, for the former admirably well has the knack of professional vanity being developed. There is no doubt that in Florence's case the love is a weakness. This is shown in the right direction, for when you see they can do nothing, one million and something they can do nothing.

Rover and Runtles children will be heard daily at Old Drury, at one moment of the least state of the principal parts in Rover and Runtles' new sporting drama, A Run of Luck. J. G. Crabtree has been cast for the part of the old agent Charles Warner, but he probably resigned—after having had required him to do. Crabtree, having refused his part, has been black-banned. It had no point, but as part of all, and will shortly "walk down the Broadway." The final act are both in a state of shock. Much of them has still to be written. For Augustus tells of producing the piece on the 15th. One scene in this piece, the scene of the Wicked Woman (which English Dime has come over to play), is said to be so strong that I expect it will shock even.

A Quaker Contract.

Contracts between managers and actors are usually more severe on their terms and stipulations on the latter class. Wright Huntington submits some particulars concerning an agreement which he recently declined to sign, thus for unfriendliness to the actor, has probably never been exceeded among such documents. Mr. Huntington made an engagement with a certain manager who not long ago was a shrewd artist. Below are specified the substance of some of the singular clauses of the contract that excited Mr. Huntington's indignation when he was called upon to sign his name thereto:

1. The artist was engaged in per his own term from New York to opening night, and in doing so, he was to be bound to go. In other words, if the manager desired to close his company in San Francisco his obligation closed there.
2. If a train should be delayed, and a date last night's salary was to be deducted.
3. If it seemed or seemed so as to necessitate closing the house the artist must forfeit his salary.
4. He must by signing said contract authorize all dues to be deducted from his salary, whether just or not, thereby waiving all right to argument.
5. The two weeks' notice clause was inserted for the manager, but not for the actor.
6. The artist was also expected to give his services the first four performances gratis.
7. The manager also required Mr. Huntington to contribute ten dollars from his salary while playing night stands, and also for three weeks that he could be expected to lose money, this making the actor a share in his losses but not in his gains.

Mr. Huntington did perfectly right in refusing to put his name to such a manifestly one-sided contract. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that any member of the profession could be bound to agree to terms of this sort. Of course in most cases contracts now and always will favor the managers, for the simple reason that managers are generally responsible if they are broken, while actors are not. But the agreement described above outrages anything that has yet come to light in the way of unjust and oppressive stipulations.

S. H. Cobbe is doing well on the stage with The Long Stride. Emily Farnham's winning popularity as Jane Learoyd.

Colville and the Broadway Theatre.

Sam Colville and myself pulled for a while as a double team, so to speak. If the Yankee saying be true, that "you never know a fellow till you've had business dealings with him," then perhaps my remembrance of the dead man may serve as indices of character. While acting as manager for John E. Owens in his notable ten months' engagement at the Broadway Theatre in 1864-5, I was induced by promises of compensation, never fulfilled, to serve George Wood, the nominal manager of the house, in the same capacity. Recognition in the theatrical business is based entirely upon results. Owens' engagement with a remarkable success. *Ergo*, George Wood was a remarkable manager. He was especially well reputed for energy, shrewdness and pluck, three qualities in which he was largely deficient.

When, after ten weeks of incessant wrangling, I ceased my connection with the Broadway and accompanied Owens to England, I had had quite enough of Wood. I thought the antagonism was reciprocated. If so, Wood managed most successfully to conceal his real feelings. Ten weeks later he wrote me in England, again offering me the business management of his theatre. (Wallack's old theatre southwest corner of Broadway and Broome), with enlarged powers, and an increase of salary and percentages. I accepted, and in September, 1865, resumed my connection with him. Sam Colville had been my predecessor, but had been discharged "for cause."

1864-6 were exceedingly prosperous years for theatres and stars. Owens averaged nearly \$4,000 a week. He received in round numbers \$60,000, including some \$2,300 for the ten nights of his term which I had yielded to Charles Kean. His "star" engagement was, I presume, the longest on record. It covered nearly ten months, interrupted for a week only by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. But for the blunder of George Wood, who insisted upon withdrawing Solon Shingle to put on Paul Pry, 'tis likely Owens' share would have exceeded \$65,000. The public interest in his Solon Shingle is attested by the fact that on its 12th and last night the receipts were \$206,250. Paul Pry and the Live Indian drew jointly on the first night, \$731,250. But three matinees were given during the season. One of Solon produced \$812; two of Dot averaged \$600. The ten nights' engagement of Charles Kean attracted \$17,544.09, an average of \$1,755. Hamlet drew on its first performance \$2,053. The choice of seats for the Kean nights was auctioned. The premiums aggregated \$3,546. John H. Hackett bought the first four seats and paid \$76.25 for them. Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau bought five, which cost her \$50.

My re-engagement at the Broadway began with that of Madame Celeste. As a rule, "old men," "old women," and comedians are not attractive to American audiences. Madame Celeste was over sixty, and proved no exception to this rule. Her receipts averaged only \$352. Celeste was followed by Frank Chanfrau in a new comedy-drama, Sam. Its success was immediate. It ran for thirteen weeks to an average of over \$4,000 a week. Its last week realized \$5,070. There is little doubt in my mind that the production would have run the season through and made fortunes for both Wood and Chanfrau, but the former got it into his head, or had the idea put there, that Owens, who had recently returned from England with a new three-act version of Solon Shingle, would prove a more profitable star than Chanfrau, and engineering Sam out, bowed in Solon. Chanfrau closed Jan. 6, 1866, to \$908; Owens opened in the new Solon Shingle Jan. 8, an intensely cold night, to \$554.

Out of this production of Sam grew my business relations with Chanfrau and Colville. The latter represented Chanfrau as agent. I represented the management of the theatre. The association with Colville continued but a few weeks; that with Chanfrau terminated only with his death, nineteen years later. Colville, who united with strong personal magnetism a certain bustling energy which was very "taking," co-operated heartily. It is not difficult to keep up a "run" which the public originates. Only by the blindest folly could such a hit be checked. To stimulate popular interest is another matter. To that end Colville's efforts and my own were directed. The ever-ready zeal, intelligence and watchful care which Sam manifested in the work was most remarkable. His managerial finger was ever on the public pulse; his fertility of resource in exciting the public palate proved inexhaustible, his energy tireless. I have since seen many instances of so called "working up" business, but nothing that ever came within a month's journey of this memorable campaign for alertness or for "push."

Colville's connection with the Broadway closed for that season with Chanfrau. He did not, however, accompany the latter on his tour, as had been proposed. For this slip up, Sam alone was responsible. Wood's admiration for Colville's ability could not be chilled. There was no room for it in the conduct of the Broadway just then, but a little later Wood transferred to Sam his control of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, which its avaricious owner, "old John Bates," had thrust upon the former on Wood's own terms. Sam was opposed to leaving New York, and struggled hard against the necessity for doing so. But there was no help for it. I was present at

most of the discussions between the two, and well remember the friendly inducements by which Wood ultimately won Colville over to his own views. He not only advanced Sam money, but offered, should the engagements of Jefferson and Booth prove unprofitable, to help him meet the deficits. Never was a more golden opportunity held out to any man. Colville reluctantly accepted. Once with the reins in his own hands, Sam's ability soon asserted itself. He won a quick success; of course he sold out; that was Sam's strongest hold. As he related the transaction he not only sold out to Bob Miles, but also lent the latter the money with which to complete the purchase.

The sale of his interest in the National Theatre was a turning-point in Sam's fortunes. He met many reverses; suffered several defeats and at least two disasters, but he managed at last in the Lydia Thompson engagement to regain his feet. Of that he realized one-fourth, and banked upward of \$25,000. 'Twas plain sailing for him. Henceforward, and long before he purchased The World, out of which he made nearly \$75,000 Sam had, as he phrased it to me, "got there!" I hear many praises now of his sterling qualities, but I recall a conversation with him, only a day or two before his death, in which he lamented with much feeling the general ingratitude of those he had "endeavored to benefit;" the unprovoked abuse aimed at his pride and self-respect by editors whom he had "often served."

One more of the Old Guard has fallen at the post of duty. It is seemingly the custom nowadays for unfledged warriors and untired conquerors to sneer at the sufferings and mock at the achievements of those who preceded them upon the same fields of action. But if I could only see in the self-assertive, gaudy present any glimmering, though never so faint, of the courage and steadiness, the creative power and honorable ambition which have illustrated and ennobled theatrical management in the past, I should feel much more hopeful of the future of the American stage. Mitchell, Wallack, Burton, Wheatley! These are some of the "fossils" whose genius and whose triumphs are likely, I fear, to outlive not only remembrance, but also emulation as well.

Music of the Spheres.

We find in a recent number of a foreign musical periodical of authority a disclosure so pertinent to a subject lately discussed in THE MIRROR, that we cannot fail to cite it as upholding views we there set forth. The magazine remarks, referring to the great singers of the last and earlier part of the present century: "Whoever has heard Braham sing the first line of 'Waft her angels through the skies' (from Jephthah) and recollects such first line separately and apart from the rest of the song, will have heard the perfection of his tone, and will probably admit that he can produce sounds breathing hope, adoration and fervent piety—sounds most touching and full of beauty."

"Whoever has heard him in the recitative preceding the air 'Deeper and deeper still,' will have listened to an extraordinary changes of tone, expressing remorse, hesitation, the deepest anguish and despair, and heartrending, yet firm and resolute obedience to Divine power. In the musical effects it ranks with the finest of Mrs. Siddons' in the drama."

This exhibit corresponds with the impression made upon the mind of a contributor to THE MIRROR, who heard Braham a generation ago as Sampson in The Agonistes at the Broadway Tabernacle in this city, and at that early period had taught the auditor that it was the rhythmic element which pervades all art as it does all nature and realizes to the man of insight the universal harmony.

It has been held an eccentricity on the part of an English sketcher that he has named his pictorial efforts nocturnes and symphonies. A tendency was shown long ago, before Whistler, when a critic on the New York press being solicited to furnish a taking name for a poster for the panorama of Pilgrim's Progress then exhibiting here, designated it as a "Story in Color," which contributed not a little to its further success.

For such considerations as we now enforce THE MIRROR rejoices in the advance of musical culture in our country, as it involves co-ordinate progress in all the arts. At this time we most desire to see this great agency and implement allied in the scenery, gestures and elocution of the stage.

Sanger's Bunch of Keys company opens its season at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on Sept. 5. The following company has been engaged: George Lauri, Maria Girard, John P. Savage, Eugene Canfield, Ada Stanhope, Marletta Nash, Marie Uart, Charlotte Hamilton and William Smith. Thomas Baker will be treasurer and Gus Bothern business manager.

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The "Free Pass" Discussed.

The New York *Herald* has started an agitation looking toward the abolishment of the free-pass system, especially as to the press. The *Herald's* argument is rather one-sided—its reporters interviewed only the managers. The *Mirror* has taken considerable trouble to interview both sides, and has sent its reporters among the critics and managers. The outcome is somewhat kaleidoscopic. It presents many men of many minds. At least an insight into the workings of the free-pass system is here presented, and the interviews will be found to be interesting reading to both the initiated and the uninitiated.

Mr. Franklin File, dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, said: "I do not believe that a journalist ought to solicit a free ticket of any kind, or from anybody. Yet for all that I sit in a fine seat at the theatre when I go to criticize. The reason for this is that it is the rule of the *Sun* office that the tickets which are sent to the office voluntarily may be used. Nobody connected with the *Sun* ever asks for a free ticket under any circumstances. Whenever we have occasion to see a play after the first-night we buy our tickets, and I am not on the free list of any theatre. The pass system of which the article in the *Herald* deals is not known here, as there is no sending for tickets from the office. Mr. Dana would as soon think of cutting off one of his hands as to accept a free seat, and there have been many times to my knowledge when he insisted absolutely on either paying for boxes which have been sent him, or else not using them at all. But there is one point which I have always held to, which is that the complaint of theatrical managers of abuse in the matter of deadheads, so far as newspapers are concerned, is all nonsense. I suppose that every manager has his own circle of cronies whom he supplies with free tickets out of personal good nature, but when it comes to giving seats outside of these limits he intends to get the worth of them every time. Perhaps once in a hundred cases he doesn't, but I rather think that in the ninety-nine he does."

Colonel Cochran, managing editor of the *World*, was next seen. Said he: "It is a fact that courtesies are extended to newspapers by theatre managers on a basis of pure business, and with the expectation that they are in being paid for in notices. I think it is a great detriment to newspapers, and one which had best be abolished as soon as possible. As I look upon it, the theatres are great centres of news. They are the points from which all information regarding professionals is usually obtained, and when we have a population that is interested in theatricals, and that likes to read of actors and actresses, we must cater to it. There are at least 15,000 to 20,000 people, if not more, gathered in the theatres of New York night after night, and they are certainly interested in the movements of those whom they applaud and laugh at. Why should they not be gratified when the same number of people gathered together in Cooper Institute, for instance, would be attended to in the shape of two or three columns in all the newspapers? As for newspaper criticism being influenced by free seats, that is a subject not worth talking about."

Mr. G. H. Sandison, managing editor of the *Star*, was next interviewed. "I do not think that any dramatic critic of a newspaper, or any gentleman delegated by him to attend a performance on a first-night, has any thought whatever that the seat which he is using is given him to influence criticism. It does not. In fact we would look upon a person as very green who would continually reflect upon the fact that he was in the theatre as a free seat, and that in consequence he must be lenient. I believe that the free-pass system has been run into the ground a good deal, but the managers have only themselves to blame for that. The only way to regulate free admissions short of absolute abolition, as far as the newspapers are concerned, seems to me to be to stop the granting of indiscriminate favors to all who repute themselves to be attaches of newspapers. Such promiscuous favors are not desired by the papers themselves and are really an embarrassment. The only thing for the managers to do is to grant no deadheads save the customary tickets to the dramatic critic—two on opening nights, besides the privilege of passing in on such other evenings as he may see fit to see how the play is running. As is well known, a first-night criticism is not always fair to the management, or final."

"In your opinion do not the theatres receive full value for their seats in the notice that is given their productions?" asked the reporter.

"Not when they strew them about promiscuously; but they do get the full value for their favors when the free tickets are given out with discretion and in the manner I have indicated. The only thing wrong is the promiscuousness of the deadheading, and that the newspaper men are as willing and ready to aid in suppressing it as the managers themselves. I have known some very funny instances of liberality in the West, and I know of a man who, some ten or twelve years ago, went to the manager of a company which hailed from New York and asked for a few seats. Instead of giving him two or three, the manager tore a sheet off the program and filled up with 'Pass two, John Smith,' until all the space was taken up, thus giving away from sixteen to twenty seats at once. When that sort of thing goes on, you can't expect anything but

'cheek' from the recipient. The way these things were managed in New York in the old times was very queer. Then the papers had pass-books for the theatre, from which they tore off coupons as they were wanted, and a man was employed in the theatres to write criticisms. But that was when there were few theatres and few papers."

Mr. Robert Griffin Morris, editor of the *Evening Telegram*, was questioned on the subject. "The system of deadheading," he remarked, "is the greatest curse of theatrical management, and it is carried to such an absurd extent that it opens the door to many frauds. This is particularly so in regard to lithograph and billboard tickets, a system which was much in vogue at the Fourteenth Street Theatre under the Haverly regime, and which house suffered the most of any from the nuisance. In regard to the right and wrong of the newspaper free-pass system, that is a question worthy of careful consideration. No newspaper proprietor wants his employees to accept free tickets because of their connection with his paper, and to obtain them simply because they are connected with it is an imposition on the manager. The theatres have to pay for their advertisements; why shouldn't editors and reporters pay for their tickets? No man on the *Telegram* is permitted to ask for seats at any theatre. Of course their private acquaintance and friendship entitle them to privileges which are voluntarily bestowed by the managers as friends, and they therefore carry no obligations which could be prejudicial either to the newspaper or the theatre. The deadhead system, as I said before, is the curse of the theatrical profession in New York, and should be narrowed down to the smallest possible limits, for the benefit of managers particularly."

Joe Howard: "A man is no more a ticket-beggar because he accepts seats from a manager than he is a drink-beggar to allow himself to be treated. The proprietor of the *Herald* had for many years, to my own knowledge, the best proscenium box in the Academy of Music at his command for himself and his friends, and it was filled nightly. The item of expense for seats at the theatre for a newspaper, if it desired to be under no obligations, would be very small in the thousands of dollars that it costs annually to run it. I have for the past twenty-five years accepted courtesies from managers of this city, and I can see nothing wrong in it."

Mr. A. C. Wheeler, the distinguished critic and feuilletonist, spoke briefly on the subject. "I don't think there is a dramatic writer who would not hail the plan of buying seats with unconcealed joy. The reason? Why, then he would be relieved from the torments of the ticket-finders inside and outside the office. They are the most unpleasant feature of a critic's position. They appear to think that the dramatic man's pockets are stuffed with seats and he can shake them out of his sleeve as a magician shakes out cards. It's no uncommon thing to get a letter from somebody saying: 'If you happen to have a couple of seats for Wallack's about you I'll be happy to use them.' There's no limit to the ticket-finder's appetite or his gall."

Harrison Grey Fiske, dramatic editor of the daily *Star*, said: "In this agitation the *Herald's* avowed purpose is to put an end to the acceptance of passes by the newspapers. It asserts that some of the boldest of our managers are 'ripe for cutting adrift from the old, silly and illogical methods, and doing business as sensible merchants in other walks do theirs.' But up to the present time nothing whatever has developed to disturb the *entente cordiale* existing between journalists and managers. The *Herald* asserts editorially that everybody concerned would welcome the proposed change, but the interviews it publishes tell a very different story. They show beyond doubt that the managerial fraternity have no sympathy with the alleged 'movement.' Indeed, they unanimously divert the discussion into another and more sensible channel; they utilize the occasion to exhort the noble army of promiscuous deadheads that assails them, and to lampoon the pernicious lithograph system. To a man they express their perfect satisfaction with the present custom of extending ordinary courtesies to the press."

"The *Herald* in stirring up this matter merely gives an additional evidence of its peculiar and characteristic policy. Mr. Bennett has always been distrustful of his employees. The dramatic 'critic'—if such that circumscribed chronicler can be called—of his paper is regarded with an unfounded suspicion, approaching childishness or imbecility. At rare intervals there comes to the surface a *Herald* man whose work is clever and unfortunately attracts complimentary notice. Then the luckless wight is pretty certain to receive his *cong* with the unparalleled promptness afforded by the handy Mackay-Bennett cable. The consequence of Mr. Bennett's cast-iron regulations respecting the anonymity of whoever covers the theatrical field for him is that the *Herald's* writer sneaks around in slippers, being very naturally ashamed of himself and his position. He never knows what instant the axe will fall. Mr. Bennett's singular freak seems to be based on the fallacy that dishonesty is rife among dramatic writers, and the nervous fear that if the critic is known he is likely to be approached, and if approached to peddle the *Herald's* opinions. Under these circumstances it will very readily be seen why Mr. Bennett is opposed to the free pass system. Every time the moon changes the

Herald shakes up a new dramatic editor. I am quite sure Mr. Bennett's staff is not composed of the disreputable and dishonest material that he would lead us to believe. Nevertheless an atmosphere of suspense and suspicion such as pervades the *Herald* office is more likely to breed venality than anything else."

"But because the curious proprietor of the *Herald* thinks he cannot trust his writers, it does not follow that the other papers should share his fancies and fallacies. I have never heard of more than two authentic cases of venality among the theatrical reviewers of the daily papers. The recognized critics of this city are honest men. There is not one among them that could be got to accept a bribe. They do not look upon the seats that are sent to them for first-nights as favors. If the managers were not desirous of having their productions noticed the tickets would not be sent. Of course it is the height of absurdity even to hint that the critics are influenced in their judgment because they have received two seats. The newspapers can easily afford to buy whatever tickets are necessary for critical purposes. The question of expense does not enter into the matter at all."

"But should the present relations between newspapers and theatres undergo a change—a decidedly improbable supposition—and the critics pay for their seats like other folks, it must then be in order for the papers to shut down on the courtesies they now willingly extend to the managers. These courtesies in no way involve the critic's opinion—they simply give publicity to lots of little matters that have no vital importance to the reader and no news value to the newspaper, but which do a good deal to help the theatre directors in keeping their attractions under the public eye. I do not believe any manager will deny that liberal use of these amusement paragraphs is a potent force that helps to swell receipts. The *Herald*, to be consistent in this regard, must abolish its tri weekly column of squibs, the most of which are contributed by agents and managers, and strictly limit its dramatic department to notices of new plays and forty cents-a-line announcements in the business columns. This will be really 'doing business as sensible merchants in other walks do theirs.' There is much more to be said on this subject, but I have already talked more than I intended."

Mr. John A. Harrington (John Carboy), critic of the *Sunday Dispatch*, said: "I would simply say that no one but the dramatic editor of a paper should have the courtesy of free admission to a theatre, and that all the bill-board and lithograph ticket business is a humbug. I have seen that the benefit of the *Herald* system has been conceded by some managers, who state that none of that paper's staff apply for admission. Let me tell you that there is no daily paper whose employees get more seats *sub rosa* than do those of the *Herald*. The name of the *Herald* employees is legion who apply and obtain courtesies from box-offices. Mr. James Gordon Bennett doesn't know it, of course, but I do, for I have seen it, standing by the gates at the theatres in the evening. The London system is the best, where the admissions are counted at the office and deducted from the advertising bill. But the free seats are infinitely more than paid up. The managers put a ten-line ad. in a paper and think that pays for everything—columns of interviews, criticisms and notices—but it doesn't by a good deal. Let them make the papers pay for their seats, and see what will come of it. Let them drop advertising in the press and receiving notices, and put all their money in lithographs, and see where they'll land!"

Edward Flynn, managing editor of the *Herald*: "I do not care to be interviewed on the subject of free tickets to theatres for the newspapers, for the simple reason that the views of the New York *Herald* and of its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, were given in Monday's paper."

Mr. Towa, dramatic critic of the *Evening Post*: "I do not care to express any opinion, nor even to have my name mentioned in the matter. The *Evening Post* makes it a rule never to allow any of its employees ask for seats."

Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino: "We are always happy to give seats to any reputable journalist or correspondent. But the evil is in the hangers on, the interlopers, the have-beens and the would-bes—those gentlemen connected with papers like the *Butler* and *Chest* Gazette, the *Seaman's Journal*, the *Manayunk Disturber* and the *Bricklayers' Chronicle*. We also have objections to the old actor with his 'palmy day of the drama,' and the engineers of theatres, and we insist on notes from the managers instead of the box-office stamp. With four or five people in the box-office who do nothing but stamp cards all day, you can see that the limit can easily be passed. We certainly get the worth of seats to the press, and such an idea as abolishing the practice of giving them never entered our heads. We are never bothered much, for the simple reason that we know to whom to give, and as a consequence the privilege is not abused. Managers should make a list of newspaper men entitled to seats and of frauds who are not. Talking of abuses reminds me of two railroad men to whom Mapleson was under obligations. It was on a Patti night and the seats were selling fast. First one came up, and with some reluctance the impresario wrote out a pass for him. You can imagine his disgust when a brother of the man entered an hour later and had the presumption to ask for four.

Mapleson was raging inwardly, but he could not refuse. To vent his indignation he wrote on the slip: 'Please give bearer the house and oblige.'"

Theodore Moss: "I take the ground that a theatre is the same as a man's private house, and that a manager has as much right to invite a man to the one as to the other, and that in consequence it is nobody's business. If an actor or a journalist comes up to Mr. Wallack and asks permission to go into the theatre and he is allowed to do so, has the proprietor of a newspaper any right to find fault with him? Criticism is to the mutual benefit of both theatre and newspaper, and a man is never a loser by being civil and courteous. I would never take money from an actor, but all we ask is that they be properly identified. What annoys us is to have a member of the profession come up and announce who he is and become angry because we don't know him."

Harry Miner, manager of the People's Theatre: "The case is simply this. When I send for a man to do me a favor I don't expect him to pay for it. Newspapers are entitled to all the benefits they get from the theatres, and I know very often that if they were not obliged to go, a great many of the critics would not be seen at the theatre, no matter how many passes they were given. Would I be willing to pay for preliminary notices so much per line and have the critics pay for their seats? Not by a good deal! I wish they'd take all their advertisements out in passes."

J. W. Collier: "Managers have different ways of conducting their business. While a portion of them feel it to their interest to give passes, there are others who would like to abolish the practice entirely except where it is strictly legitimate. I think that for the passes given to the newspapers the theatres receive their *quid pro quo*. I will say, by way of parenthesis, that it has been my experience that the proper representatives of the press solicit the fewest favors, and further, that the dramatic editor is generally too modest as far as regards asking for favors."

Charles H. Mathews, acting manager of the Grand Opera House: "We are very glad to have the papers represented here every Monday evening, or at every new production, and we are happy to accommodate them whenever we are asked to do so. Our system is different from other theatres. We issue a card by which certain seats are always reserved to certain papers. It is more than a fair exchange—the bartering of seats for notices and criticisms, and you will find that no manager objects to it."

Frank Murtha, manager of the Windsor Theatre: "Not five newspapers have asked me for tickets in five years, and reputable journalists are less bother to theatres and do them more good than any other class of people with whom managers come in contact. If there was only some way of getting rid of the lithograph and bill-board nuisance we would be all right so far as free seats are concerned. Do the theatres get the benefit of their seats from the newspapers? Ten times over. They do not ask for the seats sent them for first performances, but we send them as a request to come. Whether criticisms are favorable or otherwise, we get the benefit, as it calls attention to the performance. The papers we do object to are the unknown weeklies, which boldly ask us for two seats a week, in return for which they will give us good notices. These are torn up by me the moment I get them."

J. Jay Brady, acting manager of the Union Square Theatre in the absence of J. M. Hill, said: "While not agreeing absolutely with it, I like the tone of the *Herald* article very much. We don't realize here, as we do in Chicago and other Western cities, especially as concerns the daily newspapers, the terrible burden of newspaper deadheadism. Here we simply send two tickets to the papers for the first performance of each new attraction, while in the West they give from four to six seats, not for the first performance, but to each daily paper for every performance. Why this is done I never could understand, unless that it was to encourage advertising in a rather peculiar way. The newspapers would take advertising from big tradesmen, stipulating that they would give them two seats each week for a certain performance or for a certain theatre—sometimes for every new performance. This I know as a fact. The great evil in New York, as far as the newspapers are concerned, is that every paper of any consequence out of town has a New York correspondent. You can imagine what a crowd of these there are, and of course they expect favors from the theatre. They don't want to come singly, but want passes for two or three. With the daily newspapers of New York City the manager has no trouble."

D. A. Bonta, acting manager of the Madison Square Theatre in the absence of A. M. Palmer, said: "Newspapers are certainly entitled to seats from the theatres, and I would never refuse admission to any newspaper man provided he was duly authorized. The theatres certainly get the worth of the passes. Once in a great while we receive a specimen of sublime 'nerve' in the way of requests, but they are not from this city, being, as a general rule, from out-of-town publications."

John F. Donnelly, of the Bijou: "My views can be expressed very briefly. Free seats for legitimate newspapers, but opposition to lithograph and bill-board privileges always. The

theatres certainly get the worth of any seats they give to the newspapers."

Max Hasley, of Harrigan's Park Theatre: "I certainly do not believe in abolishing free seats to the newspapers. They are always welcome to come and to criticize. I look at it in this way: We put in our advertisements and pay for it. That is all we are entitled to. A criticism of ten to one hundred lines is optional. All of the regular papers pay more than a thrice over for the amount of complimentary seats given them."

Den Frohman, of the Lyceum: "As long as the drama is looked upon as an art, so long will the present state of affairs continue. As one of the arts the reading public are interested in it, and to those upon whom devolves the task of criticism all possible facilities should be given. Any other seats are a pure matter of courtesy, and no rule can be established regarding them."

Edward G. Gilmore, of Niblo's Garden: "I am opposed to lithograph tickets, but cannot see how any sensible person can object to courtesies to the newspapers, seeing that the theatres get full return, if not more, for all favors granted."

Professional Doings.

Beatrice Cameron and Emma Sheridan, of Richard Mansfield's company, have been spending their brief vacation at Winthrop, Mass.

The members of the Zozo company presented their manager, H. E. Wheeler, with a gold headed cane in Leavenworth, Kas., on Saturday, on the occasion of his thirty-fourth birthday anniversary. The gold used is from the Colonel Sellers mine at Leadville. A quiet supper was given after the performance and presentation at the National Hotel.

Old Mr. Donaldson, who runs the London, is also a Jersey farmer. He spends his day on his well-tilled acres and his nights at his prosperous theatre on the East side. Since he paid a visit to the London, not long ago, our Giddy Gusher has been the daily recipient of all sorts of farm and garden products. She says that Donaldson's heart is as big as his pumpkins, and that is the full limit of metaphor.

Edwin Arden opens his second season in Eagle's Nest in Philadelphia on Sept. 30. His company will include Charles Macklin, R. F. Crolius, T. V. Comerford, Horace James, Frank Leiden, J. E. Bradley, B. A. Myers, A. A. Stochbridge, Mark Hoosier, Harry Bernard, Joseph Dunn, Evelyn Campbell, Marguerite Schuyler, Sadie Turner and Mrs. and Master Harvey. Mr. Arden announces a new effect to the piece—a twenty-five feet dive from the rigging loft.

Lillian Lewis opened the season at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, on Monday night, in her well-known performance of *Cora in the Creole*. A large audience, hundreds standing, was liberal in applause and recalls, and the press gave the lady and her supporting company very high praise. Miss Lewis opens her tour under very favorable auspices, and the prospects are bright for a successful season. The Mayor of Boston and many city officials were among the first nighters.

Manager Gustave Amberg, of the Thalia Theatre, arrived from Europe on Sunday. Among the new people engaged are Fri. Offener, Fri. Ziehmyer, Fri. Gross, Fri. Von Varndel, Fri. William, Fri. Colnar, Herren Schnellé, Sinnhold, Rosen, Riedinger, Max Steindorf, Dessau, Adolph Link, Friese, Jr., and Jaeger, musical conductor. The season will open on Oct. 1 with the opera of *One Hundred Maidens*, by Suppe and Brandt. About the beginning of December the Waller Theatre company, of Berlin, opens a long engagement under the supervision of Director Haase. On Feb. 1 the German comedians, Carl Thomas, begins a star engagement.

My DEAR MIRROR:—I wish you would state for the benefit of the public and profession at large that Mr. C. J. Whitney is the person who owns and controls Whitney's Opera House, in the city of Detroit, which he is running as a ten-cent theatre. Mr. Charles Blachett merely receives an interest in the business for managing the same.

I deem it a duty that I owe to the profession to call their attention to this fact, as Mr. Whitney also manages the Detroit Opera House at standard prices. The cheap house will surely prove detrimental to the interest of the first-class attractions booking at the Detroit Opera House.

—Com.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

DAIRSBURY, KY.
A NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Southern terminus O. & N. R. R. Capacity 600.
Good show town. D. G. SIMMONDS, Manager.

ALLENTOWN, PA.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Population of city and vicinity 25,000. Extensive alterations, new scenery, new decorations, well-appointed dressing-rooms. Entirely refitted and remodelled for coming season.
WANTED—Companies for three-night and week stands at popular low prices. Move open last week in October and two last weeks in November, December and January. A good company wanted for first week in September to open season.
Address all communications to
B. I. HAGENBUCH, Proprietor.

AMERICUS, GA.
CLOVER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 400. Share or rent. G. W. CLOVER, Mgr.

BOSTON, MASS.
HOTEL ELIOT.
14, 16, 18, 20 & ELIOT STREET, BOSTON.
Rooms with Modern Improvements.
First class board at reasonable prices.
SPECIAL TERMS TO PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.
SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
The largest, most comfortable and only first-class theatre in the county. Ground floor, seating capacity, 1,000. Fifteen dressing rooms. Stage 35x50 feet. Can produce any play travelling. Population 10,000. New Brighton (half mile) connected by street railway; population 6,000. Booking one date per week only, and must be the best. A few dates wanted in November, January, February and after.
C. W. KUHRASTE, Manager and Proprietor.

BELLEFONTAINE, O.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 800. Stage 30x50. Library complete. Population 5,000. Now booking. Address T. L. HUTCHINSON.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.
OPERA HOUSE.
The most popular house in Beaver County. Ground floor; steam heat; carbon light; new piano. Booking for 1897. First-class attractions only.

CONNER, N. Y.
OPERA HOUSE.
F. J. CALLAN, Manager.
HARMONY HOTEL.
F. J. CALLAN, Proprietor.
Special rates to the profession.

CURRING, N. Y.
HARVARD ACADEMY.
Seating capacity, 1,000 to 1,200. Stage, 15x40. Nice
auditorium. Daily place of amusement in the city.
Population 8,000. New building. Excellent attractions.
G. W. SMITH, Proprietor and Manager.

DES MOINES, IOWA.
TO MANAGER.—I do my own booking for the
NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
The only theatre in the city that has never played at
less than 50c. For dates and terms address
W. W. MOORE, Proprietor and Manager.

FRANKFORT, KY.
OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. Excellent
auditorium. For dates and terms address
G. W. SMITH, Proprietor and Manager.

GREENVILLE, OHIO.
MOZART HALL.
Live town, 6,000 people; ground floor, seats 1,500
people; opera chairs; stage ample and scenery fine and
complete. The only house for big combinations to
play to advantage and make money. Wanted, first-class
attractions for the season of 1906-7. Address all com-
munications to
J. E. FRY, Manager.

GREENVILLE, OHIO.
SKINNER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. Excellent
auditorium. For dates and terms address
M. HORN, Manager.

HOWELL, NICH.
HOWELL OPERA HOUSE.
Thoroughly renovated and finished in fine style. Seats
1,000; stage 15x40. New management.
Good companies wanted.
Address STAIR BROS., Managers.

HENDERSON, TEXAS.
PETTY'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. New and complete.
Capacity 1,000. Population 2,000. First-class entertain-
ments well patronized. Will rent or share first-class com-
pany. F. W. PETTY, Manager.

HUNTINGDON, PA.
NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Under new management. Seating capacity 1,500. On
the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Time filling
house. Managers wanting dates write at once. Best
show town on the line of this railroad between Phila-
delphia and Pittsburgh.
G. GREENBERG, Mgr.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.
ALCAZAR OPERA HOUSE.
Wanted—Attractions for band and orchestra,
Sept. 6-11. FAIR WEEK. Popular prices. Share. For
dates, etc., address BYE DE K. CLAMONS, Manager.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.
GRAY'S OPERA HOUSE.
Just renovated and refitted. Largest and best
OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY.
Now booking for season '06-7.
GUS FREDERICKS, Manager.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
HUNTSVILLE OPERA HOUSE.
Population 8,000. Seats 1,500. Will play only stand-
ard companies at standard prices. O. R. HUNDLEY.

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS.
HENRY OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. Excellent
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JOHN HENRY, Manager.

LIMA, OHIO.
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Timothy Meister's Opera House.
These are the finest Opera Houses in the State.

**TOWNS ROOMING, being the centre of the wonder-
ful OIL AND GAS FIELD.**
For time and terms, address
GEO. E. ROGERS, Lessee and Manager,
Lima, Ohio.

LEBANON, IND.
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Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. Excellent
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Extensive alterations and improvements having been
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furnish to the profession the best accommodations in
the city at reasonable prices.

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October and November time all filled. December,
January, February, March and Holiday week open.
Best of shows. Address RANDALL'S THEATRICAL
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GROUND FLOOR; 1,000 folding chairs; fine stage
and scenery. Everything new. Good show town.
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Seating capacity 1,000. Complete new scenery. Popu-
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MALONE, N. Y.
HOWARD OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 15x40. Excellent
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OPERA HOUSE.
Extensive alterations under new management. New
scenery, new decorations, complete renovation. First-
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The largest and only first-class theatre in the city.
Seating capacity, 1,500. Entirely refitted and remodel-
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Managers of first-class Musical, Dramatic and Min-
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season address
W. J. JOHNSON, Manager,
Care NEWMAN & HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn.

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MUSIC HALL.
A brick building erected at a cost of \$40,000. Seating
capacity, 1,500; stage, 15x40 ft.; stage to left, 40 ft.
System complete sets of entirely new scenery. Season
of 1906-7 the most successful ever known in Norristown.
Address WALKER & BAKER, Managers.
New York representative, RANDALL'S THEATRICAL
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P. E. GABLE, Proprietor.
A home for the profession. Table of the best. Pleas-
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the old.

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the old.

NEWTON, IOWA.
LISTER'S OPERA HOUSE.
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